()RLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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GEO. H. BLAKE. BARTON, VT.

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**FARMERS** 

## TEAMSTERS.

SEE HERE!

Having rented the Grist-Mill in Barton Village, I

INCLUDING

Corn, Barley, Oats, Rye, India Wheat, Northern Corn, Corn Meal, Shorts, COARSE AND FINE MIDDLINGS, Provender, Northern Corn Meal, Graham, Oat Meal, Rye Meal.

# FLOUR! FLOUR!

Remember the place, at the Grist-Mill.

Custom Grinding Done Promptly and Well.

By attending to the wants of my patrons and by selling my goods at a small margin above cost, I hope emerit a fair share of patronage. Come into the Tyler McLoud.



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# The Best Toned and Most Durable

They are all made in finely finished cases of elegant design, and without exception, are the most desirable in the market. Our prices are exceedingly low, and we respectfully request all in want of an Organ to

send for Illustrated Catalogue. PELOUBET & CO.. 14 East 14th St., New York.

CASKETS, ROBES,

-AND-UNDERTAKER'S GOODS

Of every description kept constantly on hand, including the celebrated Lockhart, cloth covered, velvet trimmed and Florence Caskets. Prices less than else-Madison Cowles, Albany.

## BLACKSMITHING.

I have opened a Blacksmith's Shop at the south end of Lake Street, where I am pre-pared to do nil kinds of work in my line in a satisfactory manner and at low prices. All work war-ranted. The following are some of my prices: Horse Sabeing, new shoes all round, \$1.00; Sharpening and Setting, 40 cents, with new Toe Calks, 60 cents. CALL AND SEE ME Amos DeCota. Barton,Oct. 24,1881.

### SOMETHING NEW!

FALL AND

WINTER GOODS AT

E. E. STAFFORD'S.

NEW STYLES! NEW PRICES

MY STOCK IS

NEARLY COMPLETE,

CONSISTING OF

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

YOU WILL FIND SOME TRADES IN

DRY GOODS,

FLANNELS, CASHMERES.

BROCADE CASHMERES

FOULARDS, &c.

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HOODS, NUBIAS, JACKETS,

UNDERWEAR,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

FELT SKIRTS: ALSO.

MEN'S SUITS,

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HORSE BLANKETS FROM 90c to \$5.50,

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A carload of Winter Apples just arriv-

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Barton Landing, Vt., Nov. 6, 1882.

PARKER'S

**GINGER TONIC** 

An Invigorating Medicine that Never Intoxicate

he bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, & is

The Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

100 DOLLARS

Paid for anything injurious found in Ginger Tonic or for a failure to help or cure. 50c, and \$1 sizes at dealers in drup. Larre saving baying \$1 Size. Send for circular to Hascox & Co., 163 Win.St., N.Y.

Cigars at Preston's, (McDongall Block),

Barton, Vermont.

"Oh, nothing, only I have been over

to Preston's and bought one of his boss

5c Cigars, called Preston's Spoonies,

"Yes, they all say he keeps the best

Cigars in Orleans County. He sells at

wholesale and retail, and as he buys

direct of the manufacturer, and the

largest in New England, of course he

can beat them all. He sells the famous

Trump Cigar (the best 10c Cigar), also

Olden Times and about forty other

"Yes, and he has got the largest

Papetries in town, and sells at lowest

prices. He also has a good stock of

Groceries and says he will not be beat

"I guess that is so; I bought a pound

of his 65c Uncolored Jap Tea the other

"Yes, and he has a Coffee for 31c

that he sells stacks of. He also has

Teas for 50 and 60c, and a good Coffee

for 26c. Also, Lard, Tripe, Sugar,

Canned Goods, Spices, Tobacco, Con-

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Sold by all Newsdealers and Postmasters.

Send Twenty Cents Ser a Specimen Copy to W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 17

The New Volume (19) commences with November. Send FIFTY CENTS for three

months; it will satisfy you that you can sub-scribe Two Dollars for a year and get ten

East Fourteenth Street, New York.

TWO DOLLARS.

MONTHLY.

day, and it was the boss."

fectionery, &c , &c."

DEMOREST'S

times its Value.

kinds."

and it beats any thing I ever saw."

"Good morning, John."

you look so smiling this morning?"

onic. It will strengthen brain and had

ed; will be sold immediately.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dystated that I could not retain ROBES, anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left GROCERIES

y husband seeing Brown's BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.

Lifts. L. F. GRIFFIN. Brown's IRON BITTERS

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,

strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competion with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., New York.

Know

That Brown's Iron BITTERS

Will insure a hearty appetite

and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and

Dispels nervous depression

Restores an exhausted nurs-

ing mother to full strength

and gives abundant sus-

tenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and

Overcomes weakness, wake-

Keeps off all chills, fevers,

Will infuse with new life

the weakest invalid.

and other malarial poison.

fulness, and lack of energy

nerves, enriches the blood.

and low spirits.

gives a new lease of life.

of dyspepsia.

will cure the worst case

will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

### A CAR OF CHOICE Winter Apples

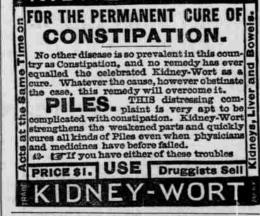
AND A LARGE LINE OF Thanksgiving

Groceries.

BARRON'S,

Just received and selling at bottom prices for cash at

WEST CHARLESTON. - VT. KIDNEY-WORT



#### "Good morning, Frank. What makes GEO. W. BUZZELL,

Barton, Vermont Dealer in Saws, Water Wheels, Shingle Machines Shafting, Gears, Pulleys, Planing and Matching Ma-chines, Portable Grist-Mills, Bolting cloth, Smut Mills, Buhr-Stones and all Mill Furnishing Goods. Mill wright work done to order. Send for prices and

We Are Again

OUR STOCK OF

FEED AND GRAIN

stock of Stationery, Blank Books and Is worth examining and worth buying. We keep several grades of Flour and represent them just as they are. We have

CORN MEAL AND SHORTS That we will sell as low as they can be bought

Kerosene!

Kerosene! To be sold by the barrel or gallon; we have the com mon and water-white. If your oil can is getting old, forget to bring it, as we have the "boss" that hold two, three and five gallons, and are warranted not to tk—we will fill them with oil cheap. We are pre red to do well for you in good goods and astonish

ingly low prices. Don't take our word for it alone, but see our goods and compare our prices with others. You will find it to your interest to do so. COME. BAXTER & GROW. (Successors to H. Baxter.)

Barton, Vt., October 1882. NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the "Barton National Bank" for choice of Directors and the transaction of any er legal business, will be held at their banking rooms in Barton on Tuesday the 9th day of January

next, at 10 o'clock a. m. H. K. DEWEY, Cashier. Barton, Vt., Doc. 4, 1882. TO RENT. Two tenements in my double house Avenue. S. H. FLANDERS, Barton, Vt.

#### ONLY A PIN.

It was only a pin l As it lay on the floor, Shining and bright, As it glistened in the noon-day light. Yet he saw that pin, And in its possession became so intent That soon both boy and pin alike were bent. Only a chair! Yet he placed the pin there, And not one in a thousand could have discerned That the point of pin was heavenward turned. Yet he sat on that chair, Then he bounced in the air like a cork from a bot

And a most unearthly sound came out of his throttle But it was an honest one; It rent the air-and soon man, boy and chair Mingled in {much confusion close communion} were.

IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over-I think it is over at last: Voices of foeman and lover, The sweet and bitter, have passed:

Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver Of heart pulses throbbed through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last-

The heavenly Harbor at last! I feel it is over, over-The winds and the waters surcease How few were the days of Rover That smiled in the beauty of peace! And distant and dim was the omer

From the ravage of Life, and its riot, What marvel I yearn for the quiet Which bides in this Harbor at last?-For the lights, with their welcoming quiver, That throb through the sanctified river Which girdles the Harbor at last-The heavenly Harbor at last?

That hinted redress or release.

I know it is over, over-I know it is over at last:

Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover; For the stress of the voyage has passed Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold! like the welcoming quiver Those lights in the Harbor at last-The heavenly Harbor at last!

As Darwin died worth £150,000, it evident he devoted attention to the ori gin of the specie. "It is no use to feel me wrist, doctor," said Pat, when the physician began tak-

ing his pulse. "The pain is not there, sorr, it's in my hid entoirely." Tom Buford having escaped from lunatic asylum in Kentucky, is going to ples. Her great solemn eyes raised run a farm in Ohio. Now we know he is crazy, to leave a comfortable asylum to

work on a farm. Josh Billings: "When a man kums to me for advice. I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him. This satisfies him that he and I are two az

smart men az there is living.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting I told thee to keep thine eves wide open. Now that thee is married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

As a lady was walking on the beach one day, she was asked if she was not afraid of the terific storm then raging. She replied: "No; I prefer the voice of God to long life forget to ring curfew! Fail that of the summer boarder." Huxley says "there was a time when

men walked on all fours." He probably alludes to that time in the early life of us all when we approached a neighbor's melon patch from the back way. The Detroit Free Press says: "If you

wouldn't blame the king for killing 200 at | be yours for one curfew." once." From all of which we infer that Ashantee belles are of the Milwaukee style of beauty. "Yes, sir," said Brown, "if there is on thing that I am proud of, it is this, that

I always keep my word." "Very true," replied Fogg, "but how can you help it you know? Did you ever know anybody for all the gold Lady Maud could who would take it?" "Do you like candy, ma?" asked a little

Austin boy of his mother. "No, my son, it makes me deadly sick." "I am so glad to hear it. You are the kind of a woman I can trust to hold my candy for me until I am done playing." Brown pointed his gun at a patridge:

the cap snapped and the bird flew off. 'Just my confounded luck!" exclaimed Brown; "miss fire every time." "Have patience," counseled Fogg, "you may have better luck in the next world."

"What did you think of my train of thought?" asked a lecturer of a supposed thing," replied the supposed friend. 'What was that?" "A sleeping car?" was the answer.

A woman bought eleven yards of cloth and paid for it in butter, giving three bounds of butter for a yard. There was a stone weighing five pounds in the center of the crock, and the dealer cheated her a yard and a half in measuring the and how much? "My dear, I think our Johnny is study

ing too hard. Hadn't we better take hin out of school?" asked a loving mother of the old gentleman. "Hah! Wait till he strains his brains at arithmetic as much as he did his back at foot ball and ther I'll talk about it. For the present his brain appears to be in a healthful, semicomatose condition. Two countrymen came to a lawyer to

consult about bringing a joinl suit against a neighbor. The first granger began to tell the lawyer the cause of his trouble, embellishing it rather liberally. "Don't tell him any lies, Bill," interrupted the other. "It is his business to put in the lies. You will get him confused if you go to mixing your lies with his."

Just down the interval where the brake ferns grow rank, she placed her easel and sat down by it sketching from nature: Please, ma'am, is that me you're drawing milking that cow in the picture?" "Why, yes, my little man, but I didn't head, even the daisies at his feet, he know that you were looking." "Coz if it's me," continued the boy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you've put me on all, he saw the great red sun with its the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked way off the lot over the fence."

Perhaps no medicine is so universally required as a good cathartic. Swayne's Pills are prepared expressly to meet this necessity, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients, of which podophyllin or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock and other concentrate juices enter largely into their composition; the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. They are mild in their operation, and are truly a valuable aperient and anti-billious medicine They stimulate the liver to healthy action, cleanse the stomach and bowels of all impurities. Curing sick and nervous headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, diliousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, aching pains, slight chilis, with flashes of heat, and female irregularities. For a bilious and costive habit, no medicine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps), 25 cents, or five boxes for \$1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for them.

#### The Curfew Heroine.

It lacked quite half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattled roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy, metallic throbs of the great cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry, he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time, and now, he who under his army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch; and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and sorrow. Jasper stood alone now, lifting his

dimmed eyes up to the soft-dappled

The walls of his memory seemed so written over-so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the life that had gone before, that there seemed but little room for anything in the present. Little thought he that Cromwell's spearman's were camped on the moor beyond the village-that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league a way; he only knew that the bell that had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror had made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with a face so blanched, that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble with all its roundness and dimto the aged face in pitiful appeal and the lips were forming words that

he could not understand. "Speak up, lass; I am deaf and

can not hear your clatter." The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and wrung themselves together, palm and palm. "For Heaven's sake, Jasper, do

not ring the curfew to-night!" "What, na ring curfew! Ye mus be daft. lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake for my sake, for one night in all your this once, and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? My lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that Lady could see the the girls of Ashantee you | Maud gave me, and the gold shall

> "Would you bribe me, Lily D Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets ye're veins, as ye're mother had. What, corrupt the bell-ringer under her Majesty, good Queen Bess? Not bring me! What is your lover to me! Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa'

And out on the village green, with the shadows of the lindens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll his death. He stood, handsome and brave, and tall-taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman

who guarded him. What had he done that he should friend. "I thought it lacked only one die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great "Ah!" responded the delighted lecturer. | Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and woman wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her had, without the seeking, found treasures of his true love and held them fast. Then he joined the army and made one of those pious soldiers whose evil passions had never been stirred but by sign or symbol of popery. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. Tonight he was to die.

The beautiful world lav as a vivid picture before him. The dark greenwood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds oversaw. But, ah! more vividly than hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more

than human pity. He was a God-fearing and God-

forsake his cheeks. The dark rings the curfew had not sounded. of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs latticed window at the castle, saw and brave men. What was life, that | the great Protector dismount, lift the he should cling to it? He already fainting form in his arms and bear felt the air pulsate with the first her to her lover. She saw the guards heavy roll of the death-knell. But release the prisoner, and she heard no sound came. Still facing the the souls of joy at his deliverance; banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowing, and been gathered into the brick-yards. All nature had sounded her cur-

few: but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer, with his gray head vet bared, had travelled half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating about it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah," the old man muttered: "how swift she flies I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done."

Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned form was not Huldah's; it was Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the cathe-

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and warts."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black cravings. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the he?" great building, with its groined roof. its chevrous and clustered columns : its pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, which the pillagers of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of

Up-still up-beyond the rainbow tint thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; upstill up-past open areade and arch, with griffin and gargoyle staring at her from under bracket and coruice. with all the hideousness mediæval carving; the stairs, flight by flight growing frailer beneath her feet; now but a slender net-work between her and the outer world; but still

Her breath was coming short and you," and the good wan went into gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Up-ah-there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung.

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small, white hand had clasped itself above the clapper-the other prepared, at the tremble, to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off-and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet swung from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing. There was a groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgotten its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come and a thousand might follow-the work would be done. She wreathed white arms about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into her flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised; but there in the solemn twilight the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew; and God gave her the victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms. My ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it my ears that have gone false, and not thou. Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and her face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side. Cromwell paused with his horse-

men under the dismantled May-pole before the village green. He saw man who was to die at sunset standserving man. Nothing stood between | ing up in the dusky air, tall as a king him and death-nothing rose plead- and beautiful as Absalom. He gazing between him and those who were ed with knitted brow and angry eve. to destroy him but the sweet face of but his lips did not give utterance to Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She the quick command that trembled on had knelt at Cromwell's feet and them, for a girl came flying toward pleaded for his life. She wearied him. Pikeman and archer stepped Heaven with her prayers, but all aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's Slowly now the great sun went feet; she lifted her bleeding and tordown. Slowly the last red rim was tured hands to his gaze, and once

hid behind the greenwood. Thirty more poured out her prayer for her seconds more, and his soul would be lover; with trembling lips she told with his God. The color did not him why Richard still lived-why

Lady Maud, looking out of her soldiers with his clear, grey eyes and she welcomed the night that shut upon them, he waited. The crimson | the scene out from her envious eye and sepultured her in its gloom.

Ryes brighten, cheeks become rosy, muscles galrength by the use of Brown's Iron Bitter.

#### WAS IT JOB THAT HAD WARTS ON HIM?

"Pa," said young Mulkittle, "was it Job that had warts on him?" "Didn't I tell you," exclaimed hi father, "that I would punish you if ever again attempted to question me in regard to the Bible?"

"But I want to know." "Why don't you instruct the child?"

asked Mrs. Mulkittle. "Because he is too foolish to I taught anything. He doesn't really want to know. He merely wants to

After remaining silent for a few moments, Mr. Mulkittle suddenly remembered he had not answered the all his long life. Rut the fleeting | child's, question in regard to Job, and not wishing to leave the child under the impression that the biblical example of patience was afflicted with warts, he exclaimed, "No."

"No, what?" asked the boy in sur-

"I say that Job did not have

"He had boils." "Did God make the boils come of

"What for?" "To test his patience."

"I suppose not."

"How?" "Why, to see-that is to determine the extent of Job's fidelity." "Job didn't want the boils, did

"But God wanted him to have 'em "Yes, I suppose so." "And if Job wanted you to have

vou?" "I think so." "But you don't want 'em, do

boils, vou'd have 'em, wouldn't

"No." "But if God wanted you to have em, hafto have 'em, wouldn't vou?"

"But you don't want God to want you to hafto have 'em-' "Dry up, sir. You never will have any sense. I am ashamed of you, and don't want to associate with

his study and composed a sermon on the "Early instruction of children." THE SECRET OUT AT LAST .- It has long been a source of wonder, as to why Courtney failed to meet Hanlan in a sculling contest. The general explanatory argument was, that he feared the little Canadian This opinion, however, is exploded by the authentic ement, that on the days fixed for the race, courtney was unable to sit in his shell, on account o the intense itching and soreness caused by the piles. Having recovered through the use of Swayne's Ointment, he now announces that he will row Hanlan any

WHAT GLOVES ARE MADE OF .-The materials employed in the manufacture of gloves are very numerous, and are by no means always what they seem. Kid gloves can be mannfactured of skin which no kid would own, and calfskin, dogskin and lambskin all play an important part in this industry. Unquestionably kid is the only superfine material used, and great interest attaches to the breeding of the animals whose skins are devoted to this purpose. They are never allowed to be fed or to eat grass, and as soon as they cease to suckle are killed, that no gross element may enter into and mar the texture of skin. The dressed skin is then as fine throughout as that with which the most costly kid gloves have familiarized us. Experts breathe out your life sweetly there. in leather can at once detect the rea "baby" kid as we may call it, from that which has belonged to a grassfeeding animal. All leathers used in making gloves are imported, either in a dressed or undressed conditiongenerally the former. Here they are dyed, and a very large domestic trade is now growing up, which bids fair in time to interfere seriously with the importation even of French gloves. But the finest kinds of domestic make are little, if any, cheaper than those which find their way from Paris; for, the material being imported and labor expensive, \$2 and \$5 a pair represent the prices asked and obtained.

Parents who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine, Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for 21.

A western cyclone went through the open windows of a house, caught up all the tidies, pillow-shams and a pocket-book and blew them miles away. The man of the house refuses to go look for the pocket-book. He is afraid he might also find the tidies and pillow-shams.

How SHE SAVED HER DARLING .- "I shall not feel so nervous again about my baby's teething," writes a English trainer. His prodigious grateful mother. "We almost lost our darling from strength can hardly be realized. He cholera infantem, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time A few spoonfuls soon cured baby, and an occasional dose keeps us in good health."-Brooklyn Mother.

HOW TO JUDGE A PERSON BY THE WALK.

Carelesss persons are forever stub-

oing their toes. Unstable persons walk fast and

slow by turns.

Fun-loving persons have a kind of 'jig" movement.

One-idea persons, and always very selfish ones, "toe in."

Cross persons are very apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their ingers and thumbs every few steps.

Modest persons generally step very swiftly for fear of being observed. Calculating people generally walk with their hands in their pockets and

their heads slightly inclined. Lazy persons scrape loosely with their hands, and are first on one side

of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons place their toes directly in front of them and have a kind of a stamp move-

Wide-awake persons "toe out" and have a long swing of their arms, while their hands move about miscellaneously.

sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around the stone instead of stepping over it. Observing persons move slowly; their heads move alternatively from

Timid persons often step off the

side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around. Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down slowly, and pick up some little obstruction and place it quietly by the side of the

SHOT FIVE MEN IN FIVE MINUTES. -It does not seem to be generally known that Dallas Studenmeyer, United States marshal, who was recently killed at El Paso, is the same man who achieved such notoriety a few months ago by killing five men in as many minutes. The circumstances as then related are about as follows: Studenmeyer had been elected marshal of El Paso, and the day after the result was declared the exmarshal and four of his friends came suddenly upon him while he was sitting in front of the El Paso hotel, and opened fire with shot-guns and sixshooters. Studenmeyer jumped up, and, drawing his pistols, shot every one of them squarely through the heart, killing the whole five instantly, except the ex-marshal, who lived an hour. Things were made so uncomfortably warm for him that he had to leave El Paso. The Mail gets these facts from an eye witness. Studenmeyer wandered around the country, visiting Galveston, Brenham, Fort Worth, Laredo and other points, and finally went back to his death. He is described as a medium-sized man, very quiet and not easily aroused; but he was invariably on hand when wanted. He was held in dread by the desperadoes, and his loss is universally regretted by his

fellow officers .- Galveston Mail. THE SAPEST WAY .- The safest and surest way to estore the youthful color of the hafr is furnished by Parker's Hair Balsam, which is deservedly popular

rom its superior cleanliness. "Who is Maria?" was the question that startled Mr. Brown (who talks in his sleep) as he waked the other morning and found Mrs. Brown sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in one eye and an exclamation

"That's just what I want to know: you repeated the name over and over again, last night!" "Let me see-oh ves, that's Parker's dog-a splendid animal. Iv'e

point in the other.

"Maria? Maria who?"

been trying to buy her." "You ought to own her, certainly; you are so exceedingly fond of her. You asked Parker's dog to put her arm around your neck and kiss you. You even went so far as to tell Parker's dog that you loved her with all your heart, and that when you came to die if you could only lay your head on Parker's dog's bosom you could hen you asked Parker's dog to have another plate of ice cream, and if the watch you gave her kept good time. During the night you kissed Parker's dog a dozen times, called her all the pet names known, and proved to me conclusively that you ought to live

Fits, fits, fits, successfully treated by World's Disensary Medical Association, Address, with stamp or pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

Jumbo took it into his capricious

with Parker's dog and not with me."

Mrs. Brown went home to her

head one night recenty that he would like a little more liberty, and so he braced himself, and placing his ernormous head against the side of the building, walked through it, apparently as easily as if it were paper. Previous to his return with the travelling show the corner designed for him in the elephant quarters was overlaid with plank, crossed and recrossed, spiked and bolted, until a wall nearly a foot thick had been formed, and it was thought that nothing on this earth could tear it down. But he pried off the boards with his tusks and made quite a hole in that way. Then he went through what was left with the greatest ease. He wasn't a bit ugly about it; it was only one of his playful freaks. After he had reached the open air he was quiet and gentle as a lamb, and walked all round the grounds unconcernedly, in charge of Mr. Scott, his will snap off a beam six inches square with great ease, and perform other pleasant tricks of like nature.